

## The Scranton Tribune

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SCRANTON, JULY 5, 1894.

## REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor:  
DANIEL H. HASTINGS,  
OF CENTRAL.

For Lieutenant Governor:  
WALTER LYON,  
OF ALLEGANY.

For Auditor General:  
AMOS H. MYLIN,  
OF LANCASTER.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs:  
JAMES W. LATTA,  
OF PHILADELPHIA.

For Congressmen at Large:  
GALUSHA A. GROW,  
OF SUSQUEHANNA.

GEORGE F. HUFF,  
OF WESTMORELAND.

Election Time, Nov. 6.

It is a safe guess that both the  
Republican and Twelfth Pennsylvania  
districts will next November elect to  
congress men who will be Republicans  
and protectionists.

## One Serious Afterthought.

Sixty-eight years ago, while the can-  
non and the bells were proclaiming the  
semi-centennial anniversary of the na-  
tion's birth, there died almost within  
the hour two men who typified separate  
policies and differing civilizations.  
One of these, John Adams, stood for  
the stern morality and showed self in-  
terest of the New England Puritans;  
the other, Thomas Jefferson, repre-  
sented the highest ideals of the aristo-  
cratic colonists at Jamestown. During  
their lives these eminent men were  
often bitter antagonists. Amid the  
many public duties in which they were  
mutually engaged there often pen-  
etrated the inevitable divisions in heredi-  
tary, customs and ideals which clashed  
at a later day upon fields drenched  
with the blood of brothers. To John  
Adams we owe what is substantially  
the Republican party of today; to  
Thomas Jefferson what traditionally  
passes for the Democracy. Yet in the  
hour and stress of death, oblivious to  
all that had engaged their powers of  
battle, the hearts and the souls of  
these great patriots came together in  
loving embrace and took mutual flight  
into the presence of their Maker.

We hear today at various intervals  
talk of the yet unbridled chasm be-  
tween the states. The spirit of rebel-  
lion still unconstructed delights to  
find occasion to vent its cherished bit-  
terness; and perhaps, on the side of the  
Union, there are times when the heroes  
of the Gray are denied their well-  
won due. In the presence of these reminis-  
cences of the awful Civil war it does  
one good to recur back to that July  
day in 1830, when as the joy of the  
young republic was finding vent in a  
thousand noises, the magnanimity of  
rival patriots, chastened and clarified  
by the near approach of death, took the  
form of simultaneous salutation voiced  
in affection's sincere speech. What-  
ever may be said by frenzied Caves  
and Rosears, the spirit of true brother-  
hood is surely cementing the once se-  
vered sections; and the real love of a de-  
serving mother country bringing into  
the old fold all the once rebellious  
children.

The south has lost nothing that  
time and opportunity cannot replace.  
It surrendered at Appomattox no  
principle vital to its safety or neces-  
sary to the quiet of its conscience.  
Slavery is dead and secession is dead;  
but in their place the south has the  
greatest industrial possibilities of any  
section, labor cheap and abundant  
yearning with its employment no cry  
of suffering and no blush of shame;  
unrestricted capital and political pri-  
vileges upon a footing level with that  
of the people of the north and west;  
and a reunited destiny grand beyond  
reach of exaggeration. It is for the  
second generation after the war to  
break away from the natural prej-  
udices of their veteran sires and get  
fairly into the spirit of American  
liberty and human freedom, where one  
wife, one home, one flag and one God  
suffice to exhaust the full measure of  
manly loyalty.

MAYBE by the time Eugene V. Debs  
runs into the arms of the federal courts  
and gets brought round to a saving  
realization of his own hardness, he will  
conclude that the role of head-  
swallow agitator is more difficult and  
dangerous than it looks from the out-  
side. Labor owes no sympathy to a  
man who would kill it by his indis-  
cretions.

But Shea's Conviction.  
The verdict of murder is the first de-  
gree, brought in at Troy early yester-  
day morning against "Bat" Shea, the  
hired assassin of Robert Ross, is really  
returned against the same political  
system that has developed such men as  
Murphy, Croker, Grant and their var-  
ious subordinates. John Swinton, an  
observer certainly with exceptional  
opportunities for the getting of accu-  
rate information, expresses the belief  
that hundreds of persons are "put out  
of the way" each year in New York  
city by agents of Tammany, whose re-  
sultment has been incurred either po-  
litically or through threats to reveal  
the Tammany methods of blackmail.  
It was in this manner that "Bat" Shea  
killed Robert Ross. There is no doubt  
that he did it for the promise of pay;  
and very little that that promise would  
have been redeemed had the assassination  
created less stir.

Ross' offense consisted of being a Re-  
publican, who had a Republican's ear-  
nest abhorrence of the electoral crimes  
and police intimidation that had for  
years weighted Troy down under the  
unscrupulous domination of Edward  
Murphy. He had volunteered as one  
of those who proposed seeing if an elec-  
tion could not for once be held honestly  
in his native city; and who intended, if  
it could not, to find out just why not.  
Applied of his audacity, the machine  
set itself to work to get him out of the  
way; and no easier plan offering, the  
job was entrusted to "Bat" Shea, a  
professional bruiser, thug and tough.  
It was deemed in his school of politics  
a very trivial thing to pop a man over  
with a convenient pistol; and no doubt

Shea was the most surprised person in  
Troy when he learned that Ross' death  
had caused any comment or commo-  
tion.

But as with Ross Tweed's insolent  
query, "What are you going to do about  
it?", Shea had for once reckoned with-  
out his host. In recent years a senti-  
ment had been slowly growing that  
public office is a public trust and that  
elections are the concern of respectable  
citizens as well as of partisan banditti.  
This growth had been gradual and, for  
the most part, quiet. Wits still ridicu-  
led it. Paragraph writers yet poked  
satire at it. Nevertheless when the  
bullet of a paid assassin smote Robert  
Ross to death at Troy, the movement,  
already lusty, fairly flew into  
magnitude, and in sheer obedience  
to an inexorable sentiment the  
Murphy machine in Troy, after  
ineffectual quips and feints, had  
to desist from its efforts to shield its  
apprehended minion, and was forced  
to endure the slow torture of seeing  
him legally unmasked in damning evi-  
dence while the erstwhile advocates of  
the Democratic party in Albany and  
Troy were powerless to save.

The end, however, is not yet. Only  
the tool has been doomed to the death  
chair. The chief aim in crime is still  
at large, fast, arrogant and impudent.  
Shall Shea hang while he escapes? If  
there is justice left among us, history's  
answer will be "No!"

MR. SINGERLY'S business relations  
with the typographical union should  
not concern the politicians. The Re-  
publican party in this state should be  
above dragging private business affairs  
into politics. In any effort to play the  
demagogue Democracy has it handi-  
capped from the start.

## The Way It Works.

It is always in order to sift current  
events down to their first principles.  
Henry Watterson does this to perfec-  
tion with reference to the Debs strike  
when he says: "Labor has its rights.  
So has capital. Neither can prosper  
except under the reign of reason and  
law. Capital can destroy labor, and  
labor can destroy capital, just as two  
irreconcilable personal enemies, bent  
upon a war of extermination, can de-  
stroy one another. But such wars of  
extermination are never justifiable.  
The first law of life is to live and to let  
live. He who resorts to violence to  
carry his purpose generally fails, but  
even if he succeeds, he can only main-  
tain his success by violence. And so  
with organized bodies, whether of cap-  
ital or labor; though, in long-drawn  
contests, capital has a manifest and  
manifest advantage over labor. Indi-  
vidually, the laboring man has much  
the worst of it in his contest with the  
organized dollar. All history has  
proven this.

"In a country like ours, where there  
is no primogeniture, or law of entail—  
under a government like ours, where  
all things are open to all men—it is im-  
possible to find a reasonable motive im-  
pelling any citizen, possessing equal  
rights with every other citizen, to ad-  
vise a policy, or pursue a course, that  
can achieve only one of two results,  
either ignominious failure as to its ob-  
jective point, or a political revolution  
ruminous to every aspiration and inter-  
est of the lowly and the poor. The agi-  
tations and passions which lead up to  
the world's tragedies never advance  
the fortunes of honest labor or raise  
the wretched. A few crafty dema-  
gogues flourish for a time, then suc-  
cumb to the storm they have invoked.  
The poor invariably get the butt end  
of it. When it comes to blows they  
make fool for powder, and over their  
dead bodies the military dictator  
mounts to command. Anarchy may  
last for a while. But it always pre-  
cedes arbitrary power. In the long  
run order is indispensable and inevita-  
ble, and when the civil process fails,  
then martial law. It always has been  
so, and it always will be so.

"We are not writing sophisms to  
mislead the men now on strike. They  
are doing the cause of labor vast in-  
jury. Their leaders are in reality  
labor's worst enemies. But they are  
also striking at the government. They  
are undermining the system of gov-  
ernment in all the world that gives them  
an equal chance with all other men.  
Today a laborer, tomorrow a capitalist.  
Today a follower, tomorrow a leader.  
We have had twenty-three presidents  
of the United States. No one of them  
began life a very rich man, and most of  
them were very poor men. Under what  
other system could Abraham Lincoln,  
the poor rail splitter, or Andrew Johnson,  
the poor tailor, have risen to the head  
of the state? This strike is delivering  
blows, it may be deadly blows, upon  
the foundation of that system. No one  
of them will be a penny richer by what  
is going forward—the greater number  
of them very much poorer—while the  
cause their instigators and masters  
pretend to represent is being strangled  
to death. This is the sober truth and  
the end will prove it abundantly. To  
that end we appeal from the passions  
of the hour."

It will not be said by any honest and  
thoughtful man that this is not true.  
Even those who profit by strikes lose  
by them in the end. The vagabond,  
Martin Irons, was once supreme like  
Eugene V. Debs. Mr. Debs will do  
well to profit by Irons' example.  
Throughout the history of labor diffi-  
culties these settlements based on  
physical force have ever been certain  
to break the moment there came a re-  
laxation of the abnormal tension. The  
pathway to industrial progress is not  
through chaos, riot and bloodshed.  
Capital on the defensive is bound to  
be merciless. Labor, on the aggressive,  
is bound to be suicidal.

THE HIGHEST Indian woman in the  
world is Princess Tom, of Alaska.  
This princess of masculine title wears  
thirty bracelets on her arms made of  
\$20 gold pieces. It cannot be said that  
all that glitters about Princess Thomas  
is not gold.

## The Converted Hill.

There is no one trying to conceal the  
fact that since his entrance into the  
senate David B. Hill has developed  
rapidly and favorably. He has struck  
to principle in a manner wholly unpre-  
dicted by any act of his previous car-  
eer; the thing which he has thought it  
his duty to say and do he has said and  
done, whether it has pleased his fellow  
partisans or offended them. He has  
squared himself on the broad platform  
of political equality toward all classes

and all sections and his word of protest  
has been unflinchingly backed when  
necessary by his unsurpassed vote.

It may be that, by discerning the  
popular preference for men of will and  
backbone, he has chosen to enact this  
role for self-benefit rather than from  
any loftier motive. We should not  
wish to accept this opinion of Senator  
Hill without strong proof of its accu-  
racy and fairness. A politician of long  
demonstrated adroitness, his career  
heretofore has given excuse for many  
equally uncomplimentary conclusions.  
But whatever the actuating influences  
that impels him to his present course,  
it is a course that clearly reveals qual-  
ities entitling him to admiration, and  
one that, if exhibited at an earlier pe-  
riod in his life, would have placed him  
foremost among the great political  
leaders of his age.

At the present juncture, however,  
Senator Hill must see the utter insuffi-  
ciency of the future open to him in the  
modern Democracy. That party will  
have none of him. He has hit its pet  
measure blow after blow directly in  
the face. He has kicked away the se-  
ductive overtures of its most opulent  
trick. He has flayed with flaming ridi-  
cule the shallow pretensions of its great  
high priest, and he has, above all else,  
had the ineffable hardihood to tell the  
blunt truth. After that, the only pos-  
sible course for a man of Democracy has  
intelligence enough to make is the bitter de-  
mand, "Crucify him!" David B. Hill  
is not the man to be crucified. Despite  
his faults, he is too brave, too chivalrous  
and too able. He should fast and re-  
pent, and finally seek forgiveness and  
admission into the straight-out Re-  
publican camp.

WHATEVER FIGHTING Lackawanna  
Republicans have to do among them-  
selves should be done prior to the  
county convention. We believe that it  
will be.

CHIEFLY  
Said in Jest.

Although the Democratic senate has  
pushed its presentation of the two Re-  
publican newspaper correspondents who  
gave away its secret to the sugar trust to  
the point of getting them indicted for a re-  
fusal to betray confidences, it could not pre-  
vent deceptions from extending round a  
sympathy to the victims of this outrag-  
eous policy. Since the publication of the  
statement that the grand jury were about  
to indict Mr. Shriver, of New York, for  
Mail and Express, and Mr. Edwards, of the  
Philadelphia Press, and that they would be  
required to furnish bail, each of them has  
received many offers of bail from promi-  
nent men throughout the country. Among  
those who offered to furnish bail for  
Mr. Shriver were Senators Hill and  
Murphy, of New York; Augustus D.  
Seward, of the New York Mail and Ex-  
press; Hon. Joseph H. Manley, of Maine,  
chairman of the national Republican ex-  
ecutive committee; General James S.  
Clarkson, Representative Calumet, Stevens,  
Tracy, Dauphin, Darborough and a number  
of other citizens of Baltimore and New  
York. Offers were received by Mr. Ed-  
wards from General M. D. Dewar, William  
H. Grace and Thomas L. James, of New  
York; Charles Emory Smith, of Philadel-  
phia, and many others.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATED:  
The glorious Fourth has come.  
Beat the loud-resounding drum, pound the  
tom-tom, sound the hewgag, blow the  
horn and  
Let her come!  
Shoot the cannon, fire the pistol, punch  
the eagle, make him scream,  
Loudly scream!  
Day of powder and torpedoes, lemonade  
that knows no lemon, ginger-pop de-  
void of ginger, ice cream  
Innocent of cream!  
The glorious Fourth has come,  
Bang the hollow-sounding drum, sound  
the tocsin, raise the war-whoop, clash  
the cymbals.  
Let her come!  
Tintinnabulate the fire bells, raise the  
small boy's ministration, crack the canopy  
with speech—  
Roaring speech!  
Hear the eloquence compounded of un-  
mixed ingredients, one per cent.  
of thought original, ninety-nine  
Per cent. of screech.

The glorious Fourth has come,  
Whack the loud, reverberant drum, pound  
the tin pan, beat the boiler, blow the  
fish horn,  
Tune the life and blow the bugle, shoot the  
rocket through the spheres,  
Dodging spheres!  
Let the rapid-mouthed declaimer pour his  
extractions of verbiage, eloquence divorced  
from meaning, words  
Unmarried to ideas.

The glorious Fourth has come,  
Beat and pound and whack the drum,  
plunk the banjo, shoot the rocket, fire  
the cracker.  
Let her come!  
Scorch your whiskers, shoot your arm off,  
blow a large hole through your head,  
Swelling head!  
Fire the cannon, crack your ribs, in, break  
your leg and save your country.  
Then be carried off to bed.  
—New York World.

"I am not sure," said a Scranton parent  
last evening, "that the Fourth of July fire  
cracker fever is worth all it costs. I spent  
\$10 in fireworks for my two children. They  
had a good time while the fun lasted, and  
I don't exactly begrudge the money. Yet,  
after all, it is a poor example to set before  
them, that of a father turning up a ten  
dollar bill at a time when thousands of  
Americans are starving through want of  
the commonest food."

HONEST OLD JACK:  
Oh, this being in love is a bothersome  
business.  
It just keeps one in torment from morn-  
ing till night.  
Though I quarrel with Jack every minute  
I'm with him.  
I'm wretched whenever he's out of my  
sight.  
His name, though prosaic, it has but to be  
mentioned.  
And my heart gives a jump—I'd perish  
before.  
I would own up to him—it stands still  
while I listen.  
For his step on the walk or his ring at  
the door.  
I can settle to nothing—to reading nor  
sewing.  
Just for thinking of Jack. I don't flirt  
any more—  
Not because it is wrong, but because the  
plain truth is,  
What once was a pleasure is now but a  
bore.  
For the rest of mankind, though they all  
were Apollo,  
I've no over and no ears; for, alas and  
sake!  
When a woman is in love the whole univer-  
se centers  
In some commonplace fellow like honest  
old Jack.  
—Boston Globe.

## BREAK UP THIS BOYCOTT.

Philadelphia Bulletin.  
The twenty-two railroads which are  
tied up as a result of the boycott insti-  
tuted by the American Railway Union  
have the support of public opinion in the  
struggle, which has been forced upon  
them through no mistake or unfair act of  
their own. It is the business of the law  
to see that in this struggle these roads are  
given full protection, and that any inter-  
ference on the part of the "strikers" is the  
cause for the immediate arrest of the of-  
fenders. This much is the plain duty of  
those who wish to enforce the abstract  
truth that in this country each man must  
be allowed to conduct his own business  
without interruption, and who wish in this  
particular instance to break the backbone  
of a strike which is irrational throughout  
and deserves but one termination—speedy  
and utter failure.

## Debs Doesn't Foot the Bill.

Indianapolis Journal.  
The attempt to demonstrate that Debs  
is "a bigger man" than Arthur, Sargent  
or any of the other labor leaders, is con-  
ting \$500,000 a day, but Debs isn't paying a  
cent of the expense.

## EAGLE SONG.

(Read at Woodstock, Conn., yesterday.)  
Out upon the four winds blow,  
Tell the world your story;  
Thrice in hearts' blood dipped before  
They called your name Old Glory!  
Stream, wind, fire, force your stars  
High among the seven;  
Stream a watchfire on the dark,  
And make a sign in heaven!  
Mighty harvests gild your plains,  
Mighty rivers bear them,  
Everywhere you fly you bid  
All the hungry share them;  
Blossoms the wilderness for you,  
Plenty follows after,  
Underneath your shadow go  
Peace and love and laughter.  
When from sky to sky you float,  
Far in wide savannas,  
Vast horizons lost in light  
Answer with hosannas,  
Symbol of unmeasured power,  
Blessed promise sealing,  
All your hills are hills of God  
And all your founts are healing!  
Still to those the wronged of earth  
Sanctuary render,  
For hope and home and heaven they  
See  
Within your sacred splendor!  
Stream, Old Glory, bear your stars  
High among the seven;  
Stream a watchfire on the dark,  
And make a sign in heaven!  
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

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John K. Shaw, the Baltimore soft coal  
operator, estimates that the recent soft  
coal strike cost that city \$1,000,000 per  
month, or nearly \$2,000,000 for the seven  
weeks of its duration. It will doubtless  
be several months before that loss will be  
regained in the form of increased wages.

## How to Prevent Explosions.

Philadelphia Press.  
Powderful and other labor leaders in their  
ostensible objection to strikes forget that  
men do what they have possible to be  
done. The way to prevent an explosion is  
to keep matches out of the powder  
magazine.

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